HEWLETT & MARTIN

TANK GIRL

#4

HEWLETT & MARTIN

TANK GIRL

12.59–ALL SEEMS PEACEFUL IN SYDNEY HARBOUR AS THE STAFF FROM SPEAKING EASILY MAGAZINE SUN THEMSELVES ONBOARD THEIR LUXURY YACHT... BUT HARK... SOUNDS LIKE A STORM IS BREWING.....

GERONIMO!

A STORM? — NO! THREE MINI TANKS CARRYING THREE GIRLS, 2000 TONS OF STOLEN LAGER, A SMALL SHAKESPEARIAN MUTANT, A GAY KOALA BEAR AND A SQUEAKY TOY RAT, ALL ON THE RUN FROM THE AUSTRALIAN MAFIA AND THE POLICE?–

YES!

MONDO COMICS PRESENTS

TANK GIRL IN THE AUSTRALIAN JOB PART TWO

STARRING (IN ORDER OF IMPUDENCE)

TANK GIRL: THE PICTURE OF GRACE,

JET GIRL: THE PICTURE OF GRACE WITH A WIG,

SUB GIRL: LIKE A BEAUTIFUL FLOWER FLOATING IN THE LOO...

STEVIE: WHAT A GIT.

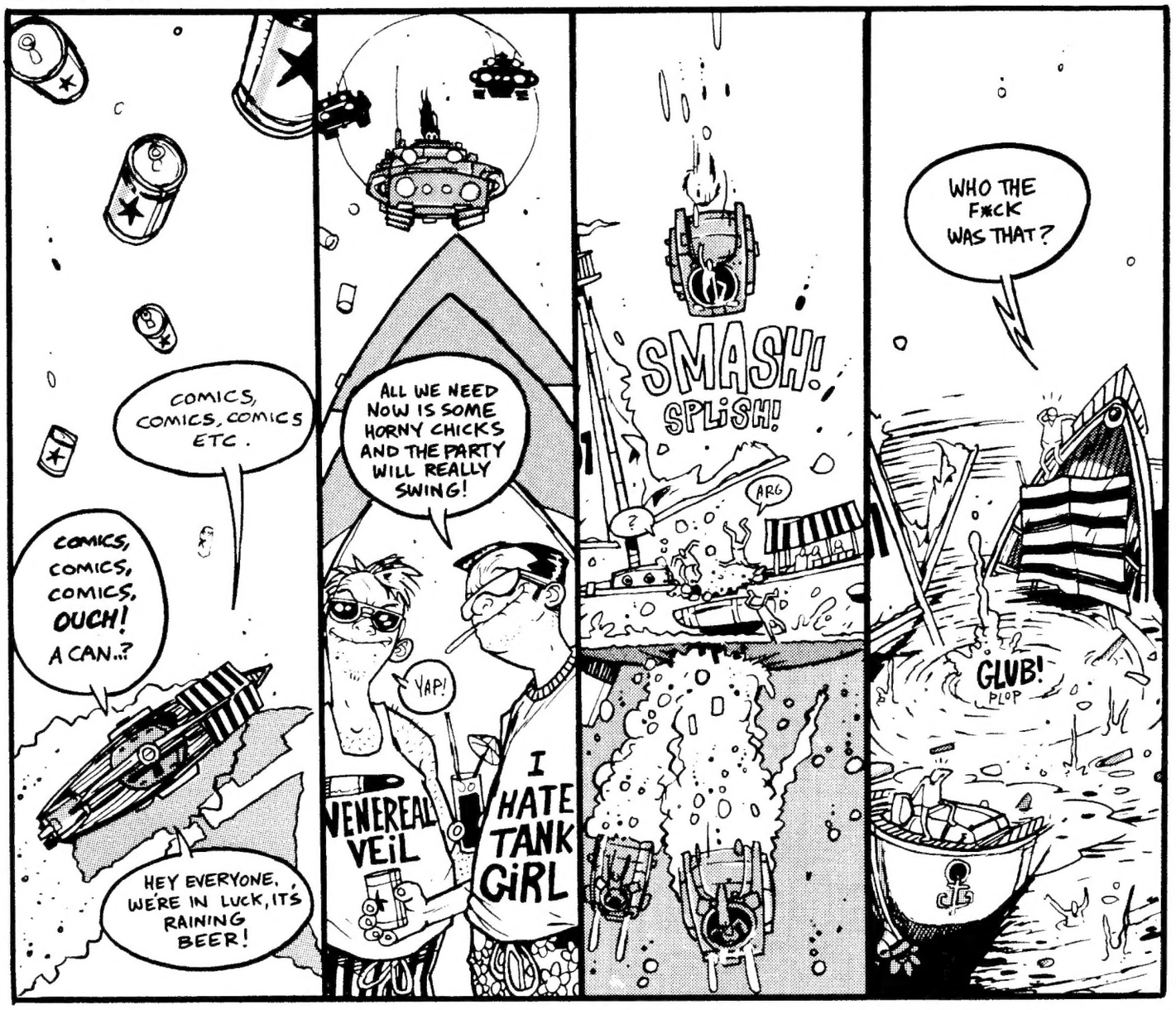
BOOGA: TOKEN KANGAROO,

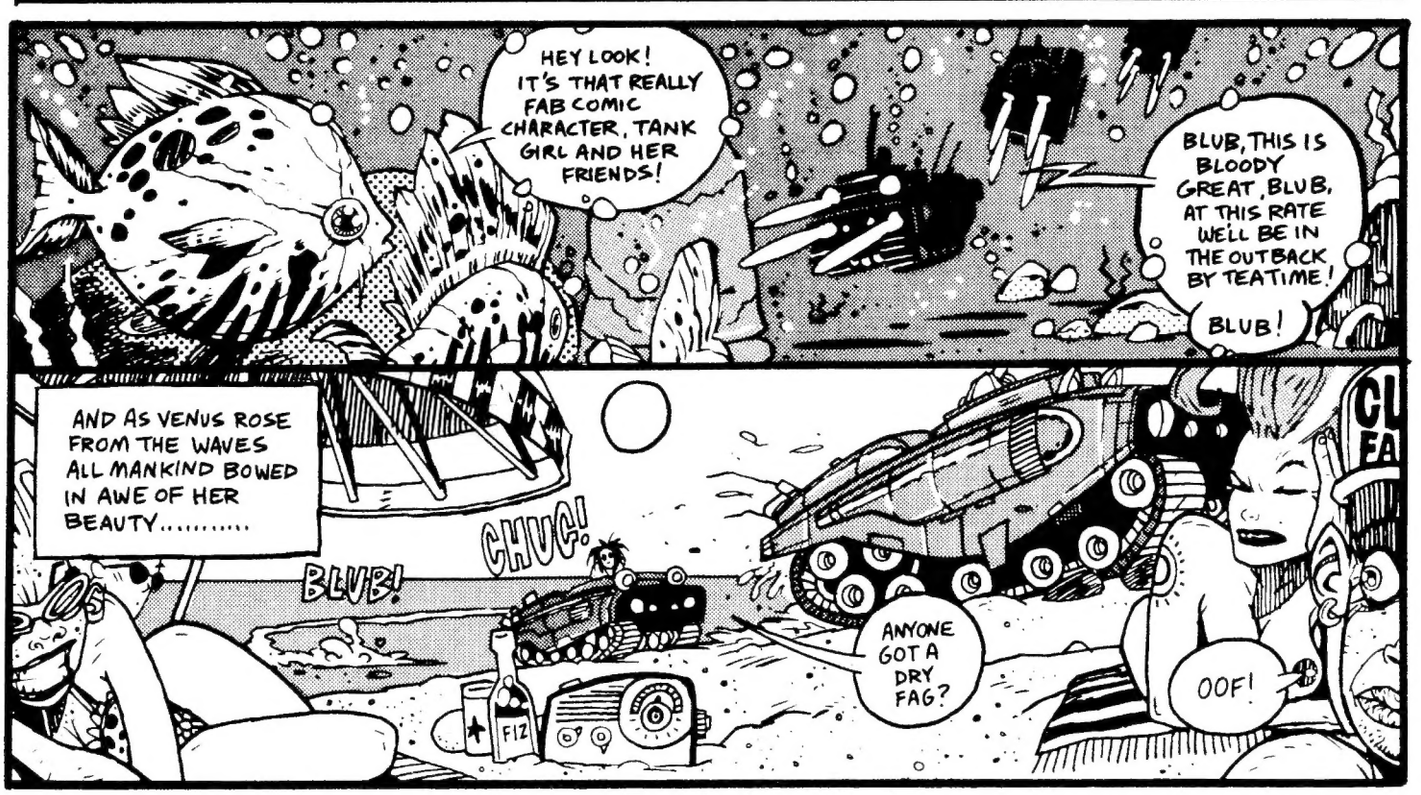
CAMP KOALA: THE JEREMY THORPE OF COMICS,

BEN GREEN: WHO IS BEN GREEN?

SQUEAKY TOY RAT AND MR. PRECOCIOUS: OLIVIER'S BEST BUDDIES.

SCRIPT - ALAN + JAMIE ★ ART - JAMIE ★ LETTERS - ALAN ★ STUNTS - MIKE SMITH ★ © JAMIE HEWLETT



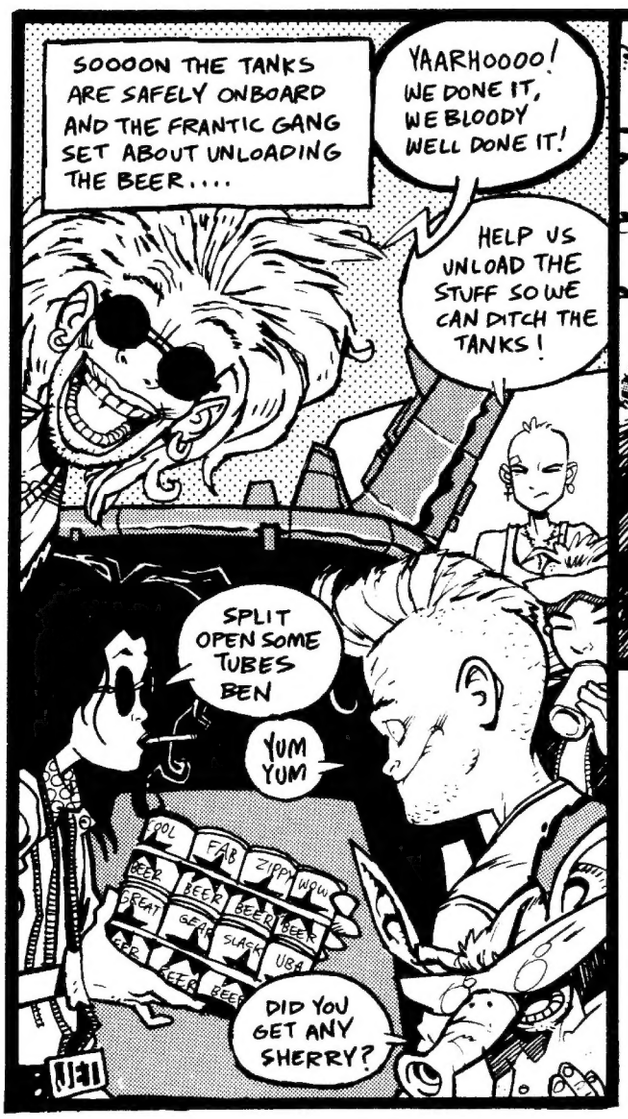


THIS ONE FOR PHILIP AND JO ★ SOUNDTRACK - BAY CITY ROLLERS ★ DEAD POOL - VICKY VEIL

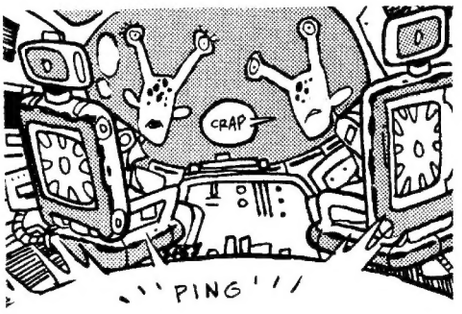
THE SUN GLARES DOWN ON OUR AMPHIBIOUS YOUNG HEROINES, DRYING THEIR FIRM YOUNG FIGURES AS THEY RACE THROUGH SYDNEY'S SUBURBIA ...ON THEIR WAY TO MEET STEVIE.
I BEG YOUR PARDON, I NEVER PROMISED YOU A BEER GARDEN!
ZEBRA 3 TO BASE.. HAVE SPOTTED THREE FEMALE CAUCASIAN PERPETRATORS AND ASSORTED MUTANTS IN MINI TANKS, AM IN HOT PURSUIT, REQUEST BACK UP, OVER!
ROGER ZEBRA 3, BACK UP IS ON IT'S WAY! OVER
CLICK!
OK STARSKY, LET'S ROCK BIG BOY!
OH NO, THE POLICE ARE HOT ON OUR TAIL, THIS COULD BE THE END OF OUR LITTLE ADVENTURE
PUT YOUR FOOT DOWN. PUT YOUR FOOT DOWN AND WE'LL LOSE THEM EASY!
EVERYONE GO THIS WAY!
BURGER HUT
BURGER HUT, HORRIBLE FOOD. HORRIBLE PEOPLE, BUT GREAT FOR CRIMINALS MAKING DETOURS!..
EXCUSE ME!
C'MON MOVE!
SHIT!
MOVE ASSHOLE!
MILK SHAT THANG
SPLAT!
CHRIST, I'M SO HUNGRY I COULD EAT A HORSE!..
CRAS
SNATCH
SPITOO!
YAARK! COME TO THINK OF IT, I PROBABLY AM!

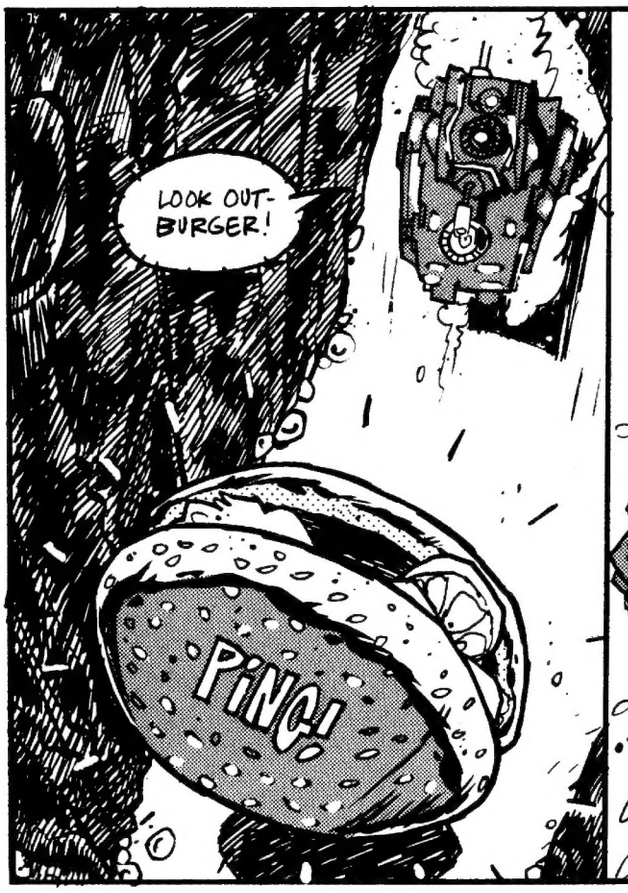
HUDSON! WE ARE LEAVING!

SEND MONEY AND FLOWERS TO YOUR LOCAL HUNT SABOTEUR



MEANWHILE IN EARTH'S ORBIT OUR ALIEN PALS DISCOVER THE FOUL ARSEHOLE LIKE TASTE OF BEEF BURGERS AND DECIDE TO JETISON THE FESTERING MAC BEFORE IT RUINS THEIR CLEAN COMPLEXIONS AND DESTROYS THEIR OVER-FOLIATED PLANET.....





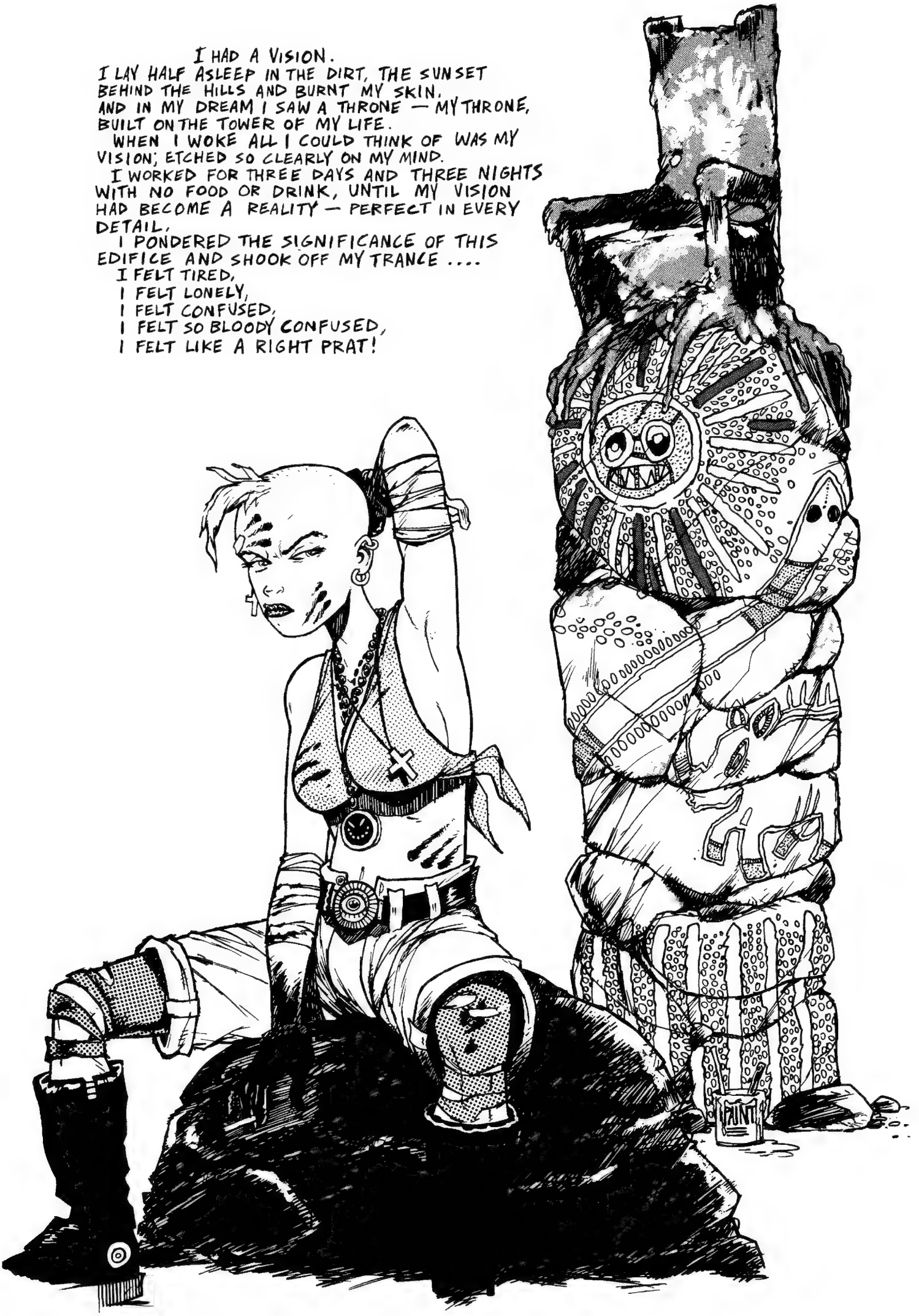
THE WEIGHT OF THE BEER IS PULLING US OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF!...
YIKES! NO WORRIES, I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA!
?
FAST BEER
2351 SHOT GUNS LATER .....
BRUP!
GAAAHHHD! I'M OUT OF MY BLOODY FACE!
BURP
GOOD AFTERBUBBLE CONSTANUNE
IS THAT IT? HAVE WE DRUNK THE WHOLE LOT? BAAAARRP! CHUCKLE.
DRUNK
HIC!
LOOKS THAT WAY, BURP!
WE MUST OF COUNTERBALANCED THE WEIGHT OF THE ... OF THE .. OF THE THINGY... OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT?
SHUT UP, PISSFACE, YOU'RE SO DRUNK, YOU CAN'T YOU... YOU CAN'T EVEN SPEAK PROB.. PRUB
BURP!
HA HA BURP! HA HA I'M SO PEEEESSED I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO I AM!...
COME TO THINK OF IT I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHY WE ALL GOT PISSED IN THE FIRST PLACE!
HIC
AT LEAST WE MANAGED TO COUNTER-BALANCE THE THINGY, WHAT EVER THE F*CK IT WAS!?!

SOME TIMES WHEN I'M ASLEEP I DREAM THAT I CAN FLY. IT'S NOT REALLY FLYING, SOMETIMES I DREAM THAT I'M RUNNING AWAY FROM THE ARMY DOWN PAST THE PUB NEAR STEVIES HOUSE.... AND I START LEAPING, OVER ROCKS AND BUSHES ..... AND THEN I FEEL MY HEART KIND OF TUGGING UPWARDS AND I PUT MY ARMS OUT LIKE WINGS.... AND RAISE MY LEGS UP TO MY CHEST LIKE UNDERCARRIAGE ....THEN I JUST GLIDE ALONG... LEAVING THE ARMY BEHIND ME... GOD I'M F*CKED.....

ONE THING THAT HAS ALWAYS DISTURBED ME IS THE FACT THAT PEOPLE HAVE TWO SETS OF CLOTHES – A SCRUFFY SET FOR MUCKING ABOUT IN AND A SMART SET FOR GOING OUT IN. I MEAN, DO YOU CHANGE INTO A DIFFERENT PERSON WHEN YOU GO SOMEWHERE 'SPECIAL'? NO! YOU'RE STILL THE SAME BUMHOLE YOU WERE BUILDING THAT TREE HOUSE THIS MORNING. SO WHY DRESS DIFFERENT? ARE WE LIVING IN THE MIDDLE AGES? ARE YOU ALL SUCKERS FOR THAT SOPHISTICATION CRAP THEY PUMP OUT ON T.V.?
PLAY BALL
40 WATT CLUB
6
OR DO YOU LICK THE BOOTS OF THOSE BIG MEN TYPE WANKERS WITH LOTS OF CASH?
IF THERE'S ONE THING I CANT STAND IT'S VANITY, ESPECIALLY IN BLOKES,
I LOVE MY CLOTHES.

THIS MAY SOUND STRANGE, BUT I CAN TELL WHEN IT'S GOING TO RAIN....
REALLY! I'M FEELING VERY ODD OF LATE, I'VE BEEN ACTING VERY ODD TOO, TALKING TO MYSELF, GRINNING AND LAUGHING FOR NO REASON
SOMETHING'S GOING ON. MY LIFE SEEMS TO BE COMING TOGETHER, TAKING SOME REAL DIRECTION. THIS JUST WON'T DO ...
THE TIMES THEY ARE A CHANGIN.

I HAD A VISION.
I LAY HALF ASLEEP IN THE DIRT, THE SUNSET BEHIND THE HILLS AND BURNT MY SKIN.
AND IN MY DREAM I SAW A THRONE — MY THRONE, BUILT ON THE TOWER OF MY LIFE.
WHEN I WOKE ALL I COULD THINK OF WAS MY VISION; ETCHED SO CLEARLY ON MY MIND.
I WORKED FOR THREE DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS WITH NO FOOD OR DRINK, UNTIL MY VISION HAD BECOME A REALITY — PERFECT IN EVERY DETAIL.
I PONDERED THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS EDIFICE AND SHOOK OFF MY TRANCE ....
I FELT TIRED,
I FELT LONELY,
I FELT CONFUSED,
I FELT SO BLOODY CONFUSED,
I FELT LIKE A RIGHT PRAT!



I'VE GOT ONE UP ON YOU SUCKERS, I'VE GOT A NEW TYPE-WRITER. I'D LIKE YOU ALL TO THINK ABOUT THAT FOR A MOMENT..... I'D LIKE YOU ALL TO THINK ABOUT YOUR LIVES I'D LIKE YOU ALL TO THINK ABOUT GOOD AND BAD I'D LIKE YOU ALL TO THINK ABOUT ME FOR A WHILE... I'D LIKE YOU ALL TO THINK ABOUT ME... SUCKERS
CONCEPT: ALOOON JAMI
DRAWINS: JAMIII
WORDS: ALOOON
© 1989 JAMIE HEWLETT!
JAMIE

SHAM POOO

THIS ONE FOR MICK JONES ★

RATSO'S BOXING HALL, THE BIGGEST DIVE IN TOWN, FULL OF HAWKS, DORKS, GEEKS, SLEEKS AND BUMMERS. THIS PLACE STUNK MORE THAN A BARFLY'S Y-FRONTS....

AND ON MY LEFT, ALL THE WAY FROM QUEEEN'Z LAND'ZZ SQUALID UNDERCARRIAGE WE HAVE BIG JOHNNY ZOBRONY, 32 FIGHTS UNDEFEATED, A REAL HARD GUT SUCKING SON OF A BITCH!

FIFTY BUCKS ON THE SWEAT SOCK, THAT'S MY BOY THAT'S MY BOY!

YOH! ADRIENNE

HOMES

YOU MIGHT WELL ASK YOURSELVES WHAT A SWEET DESERT ROSE LIKE MYSELF IS DOING IN AN ARMPIT HOLE LIKE THIS...

GIMME A MICKEEZ

FISH 'N' CHIPS!

YOW MAMA!

I DON'T THINK THIS IS SUCH A GOOD IDEA TANK GIRL! I DON'T THINK I'M QUITE READY FOR THIS!

DON'T GIVE ME THIS CRAP BOOGA!

PHUT

OF COURSE YOU'RE READY. YOU WERE BORN READY, KANGAROOS ARE NATURAL BORN BOXERS, EVERYTHANG'S GONNA BE OK. YOU GO INTO THE RING, SMACK SHIT OUT OF YOUR OPPONENT AND WE WALK OUT 200 BICKS THE RICHER!

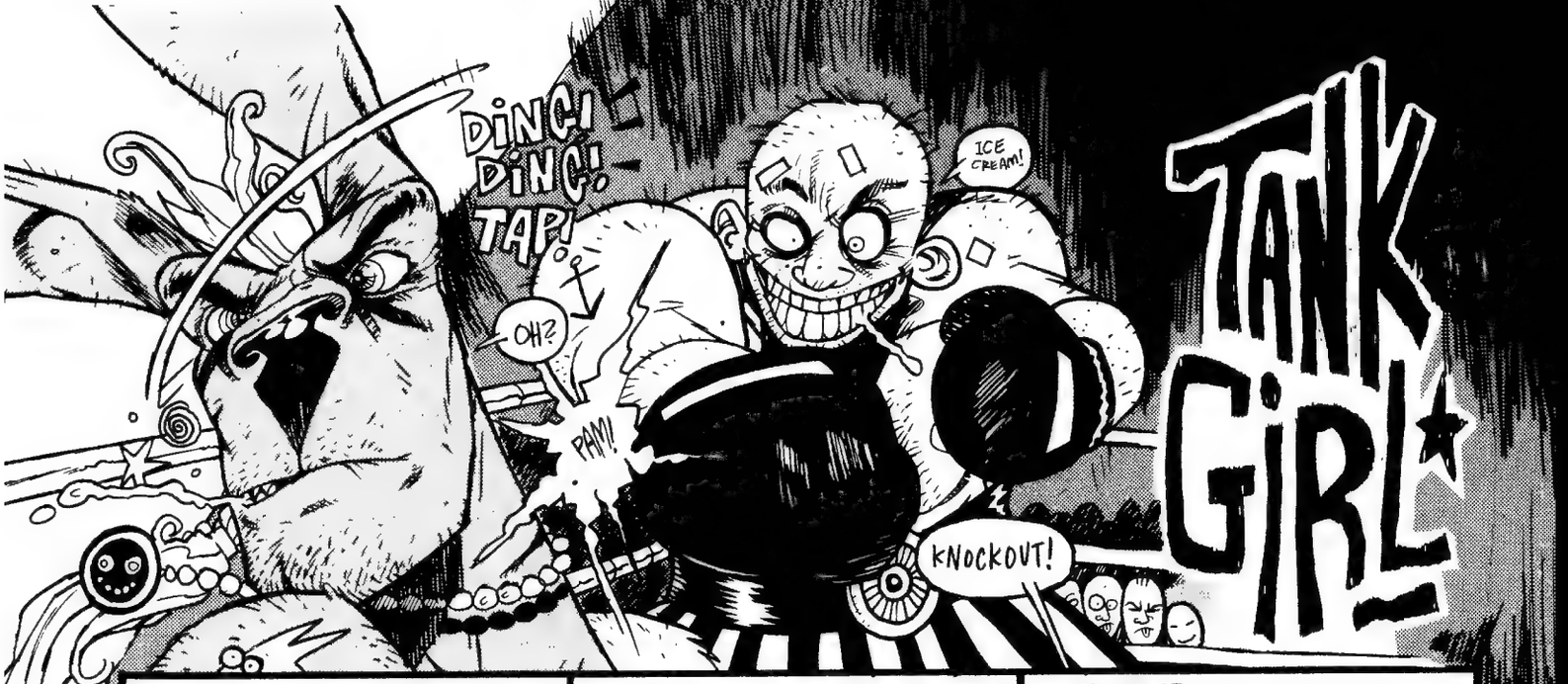
YOU GOT IT THRILL SEEKERS! I'D DECIDED TO GO INTO THE BOXING GAME TO EARN MYSELF SOME EXTRA DOSH. ME AND BOOGA HAD BEEN IN TRAINING FOR AT LEAST A DAY! ....

SO I FIGURED WE WERE READY FOR THE BIG TIME....

OK BIG BOY! NO MORE STALLING, GET IN THERE AND DO SOME HITTING!

I'VE GOT A WHOLE STORE OF MAX PAX ON MY BEDSIDE TABLE SO THAT WHEN YOU CAN'T GO ON NO MORE I WILL STILL BE ABLE!

SCREEEEPT ★ JAMIE DRAWIN'S ★ JAMIE LETTERS ★ ALAN SOUNDTRACK ★ NO. 10, UPPING ST.


DING! DING! TAP!
OH?
PAM!
ICE CREAM!
KNOCKOUT!
TANK GIRL

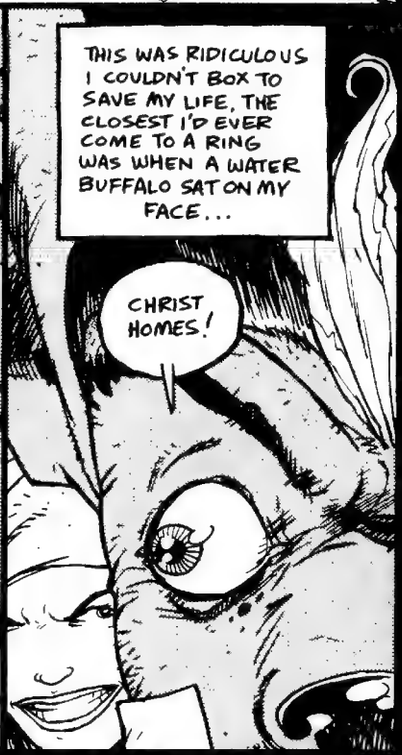
THE NEXT MORNING
EEK! HELP NO PLEASE, FLOORS, CARPETS!
ZZZZZZ ZZZZ
MUMBLE-SNAKES! MUMBLE.

AH! YAWN! WOW THE BEST BIT OF THE DAY, WAKING UP WITH TANK GIRL LYING BY MY SIDE. THE SOFT WARM TOUCH OF HER FLESH CLOSE TO MINE AND THE THOUGHT OF WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN WHEN SHE WAKES UP!..
MUMBLE, TRAINS TUNNELS!
YUM

.... HOWEVER, MY LUCK SUCKS BISHOP IN HELL, I ALWAYS FALL BACK TO SLEEP AND WHEN I COME ROUND MINUTES LATER SHE'S IN THE FRIGGIN' SHOWER!
MORNING HAS BUSTED!
DARN

HERE YOU GO CHAMP, BREAKFAST!
BREAKFAST CHAMP?
SIX RAW EGGS, IT'S A REAL BOXER'S BREAKFAST, I SAW IT IN A MOVIE ONCE.....

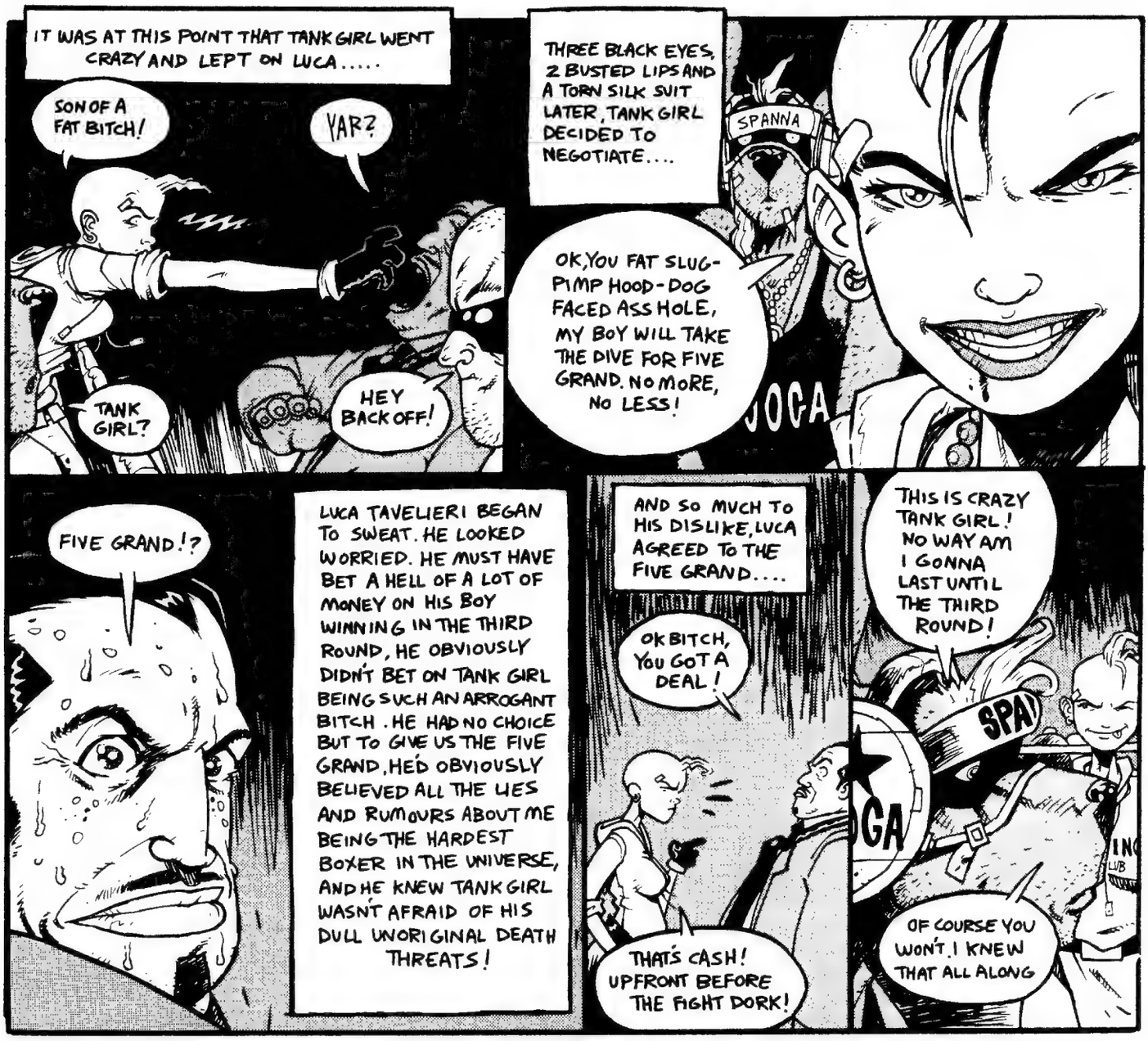
C'MON, DRINK IT DOWN, ALL OF IT!
GLUG GLUG, OOH, IT'S SO HORRIBLE!
NEVER MIND HORRIBLE, CHAMP. YOU'RE BACK IN TRAINING! THAT MEANS 6 RAW EGGS FOR BREAKFAST, 200 PUSH UPS BEFORE LUNCH, NO SEX, NO DRINK, NO SMOKING AND NO LATE NIGHTS. YOU'RE GONNA BE FIT.....FIT!


THIS WAS RIDICULOUS I COULDN'T BOX TO SAVE MY LIFE. THE CLOSEST I'D EVER COME TO A RING WAS WHEN A WATER BUFFALO SAT ON MY FACE...
CHRIST HOMES!

BASIC TRAINING STARTED AT ABOUT 7 O'CLOCK WITH A SPOT OF TANK PULLING...
C'MON, PULL YOU BIG PUSSY!
COME LUNCH TIME THINGS LIGHTENED UP AS WE GOT ROUND TO THE PUNCH BAG...
OK, LET'S IMAGINE THIS SACK OF ROCKS IS YOUR OPPONENT!
ROCKS! WHY'S THE SACK FULL OF ROCKS?
JUST HIT IT AND STOP COMPLAINING PISS FACE!
ABOUT THREE O'CLOCK I WAS READY TO DROP, MY KNUCKLES WERE BUSTED, MY BACK WAS BROKEN AND MY BODY WAS COVERED IN BRUISES....
RIGHT, ON YOUR FEET MAHAMID ALI, LET'S GO — C'MON SHAKE A LEG!
OH!
IT WAS ABOUT THIS TIME THAT TANK GIRL DECIDED WE WERE READY FOR A SPOT OF CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING!...
OF COURSE WHEN I COMPLAINED, SHE COMFORTED ME BY AGREEING TO COME ON THE RUN WITH ME..
C'MON SLOW COACH, I'M BEATING YOU, GET A BLOODY MOVE ON!
PANT, OH SHIT! PANT
YOU'LL NEVER BECOME A HIGHLY TUNED KILLING MACHINE IF YOU DON'T PUT YOUR HEART INTO IT! ASS HOLE
CHUG!
ZIP!
VROOM
VRAM
BITCH, SLAG, TART, HORSE COW!

AS THE DAYS SLIP INTO WEEKS, MY TRAINING BECAME MORE OF A NIGHTMARE, I HAD TO BE IN BED BEFORE 8 O'CLOCK EVERY NIGHT, TANK GIRL SAID IT WAS ALL PART OF MY TRAINING. WHILE I WAS DREAMING OF BEER AND SEX, TANK GIRL WOULD SLIP OUT TO ALL THE SLEEZY BOXING BARS, AND SPREAD RUMOURS THAT I WAS THE HARDEST BOXER AROUND.....
IZZZZATTSO?
YOU SERIOUSS?
YEAH THAT'S RIGHT! Y'KNOW I HEAR HE EATS ROCKS FOR BREAKFAST!
STRAIGHT UP, NO BULLSHIT! I ALSO HEAR WHEN HE FARTS, BULLETS COME OUT OF HIS ARSE!...
IN THE WEEKS THAT PASSED THE RUMOURS ABOUT MY IMMORTAL LIFE STYLE BECAME MORE AND MORE OUTLANDISH.....
THEY SAY HE BREATHS FIRE AND THAT IF HE PUNCHES YOU IT'S LIKE BEING HIT BY A SPEEDING LOCOMOTIVE!
INCOMING?
HE'S BAD!
Hic!
UNTIL FINALLY THE RUMOURS AND LIES GOT HEARD BY THE WRONG EARS!
IS DAT SO!
THE NEXT DAY WE WERE UP AT 6 O'CLOCK, TANK GIRL HAD BOOKED US INTO THE LOCAL GYM.
C'MON BOOGA! HIT ME, HIT ME, C'MON!
OH SHOOT, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS LARK, GIVE US A BREAK TANK GIRL!
WHAT?! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY BOOGA?
I DON'T THINK I'M CUT OUT FOR THIS BOXING LARK! I'M A LOVER, NOT A FIGHTER!
SPARTAN
WORTHING JUDO CLUB
LISTEN ASS WIPE, I'VE SPENT A LOT OF TIME SPREADING JUICY RUMOURS ABOUT YOU! I KNOW YOU CAN'T BOX TO SAVE YOUR DICK! BUT EVERY-ONE IN THIS GYM THINKS YOU'RE THE CHARLIE MANSION OF BOXING! SO FOR GODSAKE ACT LIKE YOU'RE A MEAN SON OF A MARSUPIAL! AND STOP GIVING ME ALL THIS WET CRAP! OTHERWISE THERE'LL BE NO MORE RUMPY PUMPY FOR YOU AS LONG AS YOU LIVE!...
EEP!
DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?
RAAAAAARGHH! I'M THE HARDEST, I'M THE MEANEST. COME AND GET ME YOU DOPE HEADS! I'LL RIP OFF YOUR FACE AND DUMP DOWN YER NECKS!

ENTER LUCA TAVALIERI, HE WAS THE DON OF THE BOXING MAFIA, A CROSS BETWEEN SCARFACE AND ORSON WELLS. I WAS GOING TO BE FIGHTING HIS GOLDEN BOY, A BIG BLACK KANGAROO BY THE NAME OF KLUTCH.
SO DIS IS THA BIG BAD MISSILE SPITTING SON OF A BITCH I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT!
HA HAR!
OH SHOOT TANK GIRL, IT'S THE DON! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
SHUT YOUR NECK AND MAKE LIKE YOU'RE AN ANIMAL!
SPARTA
SPARTAN
YOU KNOW THE WORD OUT ON THE STREET IS THAT YOUR BOY'Z GONNA KILL MY BOY!?
IS DAT SO?
YOU BET FAT BOY!
HEY, WATCH THE MOUTH LITTLE LADY! I'LL BREAK YOUR FACE IF YOU SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT! YOU NO GOOD PIECE OF CRAP!
DON'T YOU GIVE ME ALL THAT MAFIA RESPECT CRAP, YOU FAT SCROTUM! TELL US WHAT YOU WANT THEN PISS OFF! WE'RE BUSY TRAINING
CRIPES?
YOU'RE LOOKING AT CONCRETE SLIPPERS YOU BITCH!
TANKGIRL AND LUCA TAVALIRI WASTED ABOUT AN HOUR CALLING EACH OTHER NAMES AND ARGUING..... EVENTUALLY THEY RAN OUT OF THINGS TO CALL EACH OTHER, SO LUCA CAME TO THE POINT...
OK BITCH DOG! HERE'S THE SCORE, I'VE GOT A LOT OF MONEY RIDING ON MY BOY TO WIN THIS FIGHT BY THE THIRD ROUND! I'M TALKIN' KNOCKOUT! YOUR BOY'S GONNA TAKE A FALL IN THE THIRD ROUND OTHERWISE THE BOTH OF YOU'S IS GONNA BE PROPIN' UP A MOTORWAY!
GET MY DRIFT?!


IT WAS AT THIS POINT THAT TANK GIRL WENT CRAZY AND LEPT ON LUCA.....
SON OF A FAT BITCH!
YAR?
TANK GIRL?
HEY BACK OFF!
THREE BLACK EYES, 2 BUSTED LIPS AND A TORN SILK SUIT LATER, TANK GIRL DECIDED TO NEGOTIATE....
SPANNA
OK, YOU FAT SLUG-PIMP HOOD-DOG FACED ASS HOLE, MY BOY WILL TAKE THE DIVE FOR FIVE GRAND. NO MORE, NO LESS!
FIVE GRAND!?
LUCA TAVELIERI BEGAN TO SWEAT. HE LOOKED WORRIED. HE MUST HAVE BET A HELL OF A LOT OF MONEY ON HIS BOY WINNING IN THE THIRD ROUND, HE OBVIOUSLY DIDN'T BET ON TANK GIRL BEING SUCH AN ARROGANT BITCH. HE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO GIVE US THE FIVE GRAND, HE'D OBVIOUSLY BELIEVED ALL THE LIES AND RUMOURS ABOUT ME BEING THE HARDEST BOXER IN THE UNIVERSE, AND HE KNEW TANK GIRL WASN'T AFRAID OF HIS DULL UNORIGINAL DEATH THREATS!
AND SO MUCH TO HIS DISLIKE, LUCA AGREED TO THE FIVE GRAND....
OK BITCH, YOU GOT A DEAL!
THAT'S CASH! UPFRONT BEFORE THE FIGHT DORK!
THIS IS CRAZY TANK GIRL! NO WAY AM I GONNA LAST UNTIL THE THIRD ROUND!
OF COURSE YOU WON'T. I KNEW THAT ALL ALONG

AND SO THE NIGHT OF THE BIG FIGHT CREPT UP LIKE A BOIL ON MY BACK SIDE, THE STALLS WERE ALL FULL OF HOODS AND GEEKS. THERE WERE EVEN SOME FAMOUS FACES IN THE CROWD, THEY'D ALL COME TO SEE ME FIGHT AND THEY HAD ALL BET BIG BUCKS ON ME...
AND THEY WERE ALL GONNA LOOSE!
WELCOME LADIES AND GENTS, TO THE FIGHT THAT WILL END ALL FIGHTS! IN THE BLUE CORNER, ABDUL KLUTCH 68 FIGHTS UNDEFEATED AND IN THE RED CORNER, THE NEW BOXING SENSATION, BIG BOOGA BALL BREAKER! NO FIGHTS TO DATE! BUT WHAT A REPUTATION!
KETTLE HEAD

THIS WAS IT! THIS WAS THE END OF MY LIFE AS I KNEW IT. KLUTCH STOOD TEN FOOT FROM ME LOOKING LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A DAVID CRONENBERG MOVIE, I FELT THE DROPS OF SWEAT POUR DOWN MY FACE AS MY SPHINCTER MUSCLE TWITCHED.
SUDDENLY... DING! DING!
ROUND ONE
YAP YAP YAP
KLUTCH
KILL HIM BOOGA!
WHERE'S MY GRIFTER?
ROOWL!
KNOCKOUT!
OOP?
DON'T GO STEVIE!
CHAMP
IT'S A KNOCKOUT!
OH GOD NO NOT YET YOU FOOL, NOT YET!
CHUCKLE
NEVER MIND FAT ASS. LIKE THEY SAY— CAN'T HELP BAD LUCK!
CHIN!
OOOHF!
THIS IS INCREDIBLE. IT'S A KNOCKOUT IN THE FIRST SECOND OF THE FIGHT AND OH? WHAT'S THIS, A FIGHT HAS BROKEN OUT IN THE STALLS
FIGHT!
FIGHT!
THE NEXT THING WE KNEW A HUGE FIGHT BROKE OUT AMONGST THE CROWD, THE POLICE WERE THERE WITHIN A MATTER OF MINUTES AND ARRESTED EVERY-ONE INCLUDING LUCA TAVELIERI. ME AND TANK GIRL LEFT BY THE REAR EXIT AND MADE OUR WAY STRAIGHT HOME, STOPPING BRIEFLY TO PICK UP TANK GIRL'S WINNINGS FROM AN ANONYMOUS BET SHE HAD MADE EARLIER THAT DAY....
HOOT!
SO YOU TOOK THE FIVE GRAND LUCA GAVE YOU AND MADE A BET THAT I WOULD GO DOWN IN THE FIRST THREE SECONDS OF THE BIG FIGHT?
S'RIGHT, WHAT WITH ALL THE RUMOURS I STARTED ABOUT YOU BEING THE HARDEST BOXER EVER TO GRACE THE RING, THE CHANCES OF YOU GETTING KNOCK-ED WERE ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE.
THAT'S WHY THE ODDS WERE SO MUCH HIGHER, WHICH MEANS WE MADE OURSELVES A SMALL FORTUNE TONIGHT, BIG BOY!
THAT'S QUITE A SCAM YOU PLOTTED TANK GIRL. YOU TRULY ARE A GENIUS!
IT'S NOT OVER YET BOOGA, WE STILL NEED A SHIT HOT PUNCHLINE TO END THIS MONTHS STORY!
JEEPERS, I'M RIGHT OUT OF IDEAS FOR PUNCHLINES
HOW ABOUT THIS?
UP YOURS
I'LL BET ON THAT ONE
THE OL PUNCH LINE

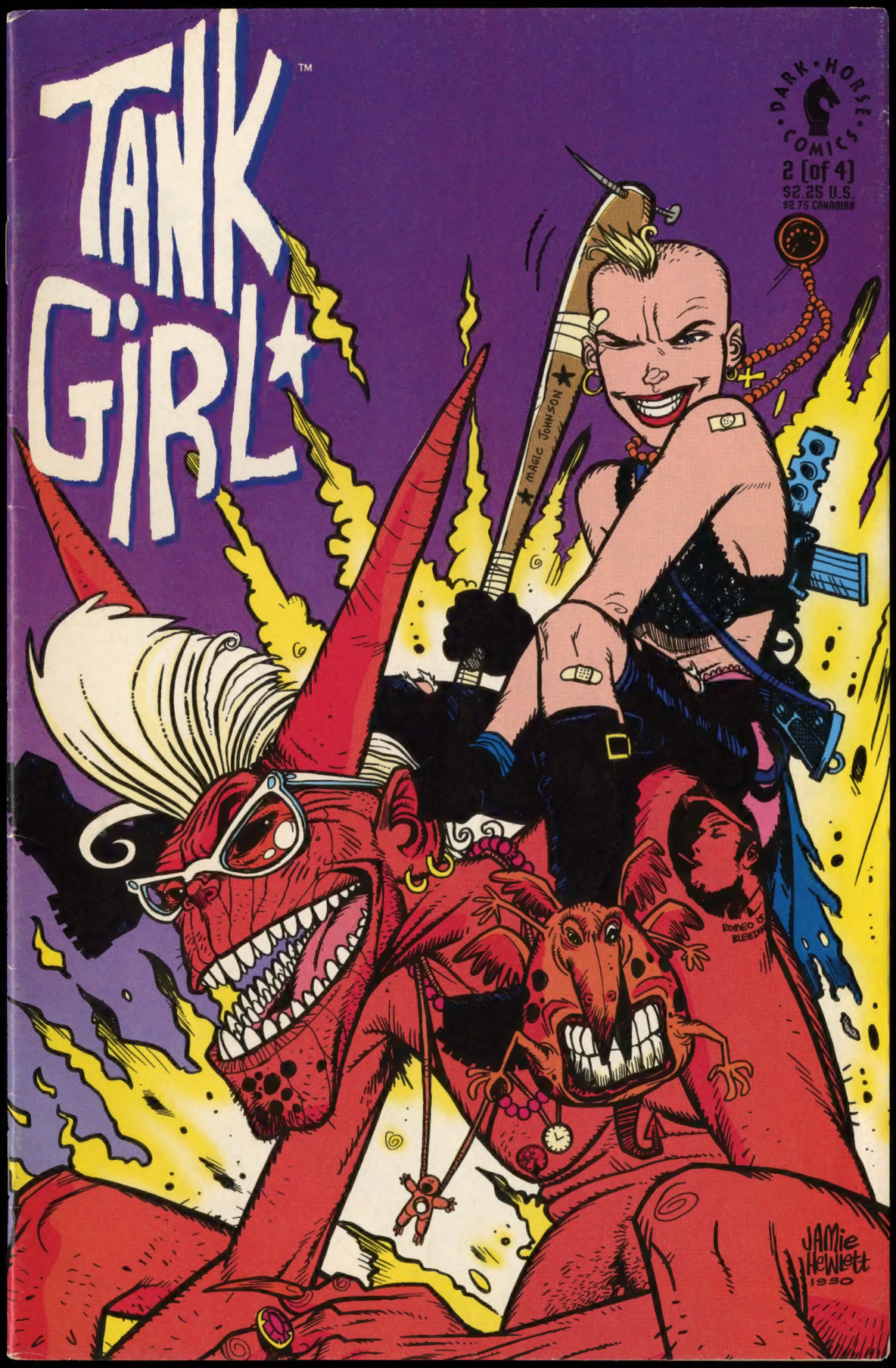
TANK GIRL™

DARK HORSE COMICS

1[of 4]

$2.25 U.S.
$2.75 CANADIAN

DARK HORSE TRADING CARDS INSIDE!


TANK GIRL™
DARK HORSE COMICS
2 [of 4]
$2.25 U.S.
$2.75 CANADIAN
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JAMIE HEWLETT
1990